INT. WORKSHOP – NAZARETH – DAY

The room is thick with sawdust,

motes drifting in the shafts of light

that pierce the shutters.

The scent of cedar and olive wood

hangs heavy in the air.

Yosef (יוֹסֵף)

leans over a beam,

shaping it with slow,

steady strokes.

Beside him stands Yeshua (יֵשׁוּעַ),

seventeen now,

Taller

sweat running down his brow.

His hands grip the wooden plane for the first time

and the iron blade sings against the timber.

Curled shavings fell like ribbons at his feet.

Yosef nods in approval.

“Well done, my boy.”

But the boy’s gaze lingers on the beam.

He runs his fingers along the grain

slow,

deliberate as if counting it.

in the lines of the wood

He sees further

A VISION

Nails hammered through his hand.

A cross lifted on a hill

The weight of mankind borne

on timber such as this.

The vision ends

Yeshua exhales softly,

steadying His spirit.

The moment passes

He returns to work.

From outside,

It was only carpentry.

From Inside,

every tool whispered

of sacrifice.